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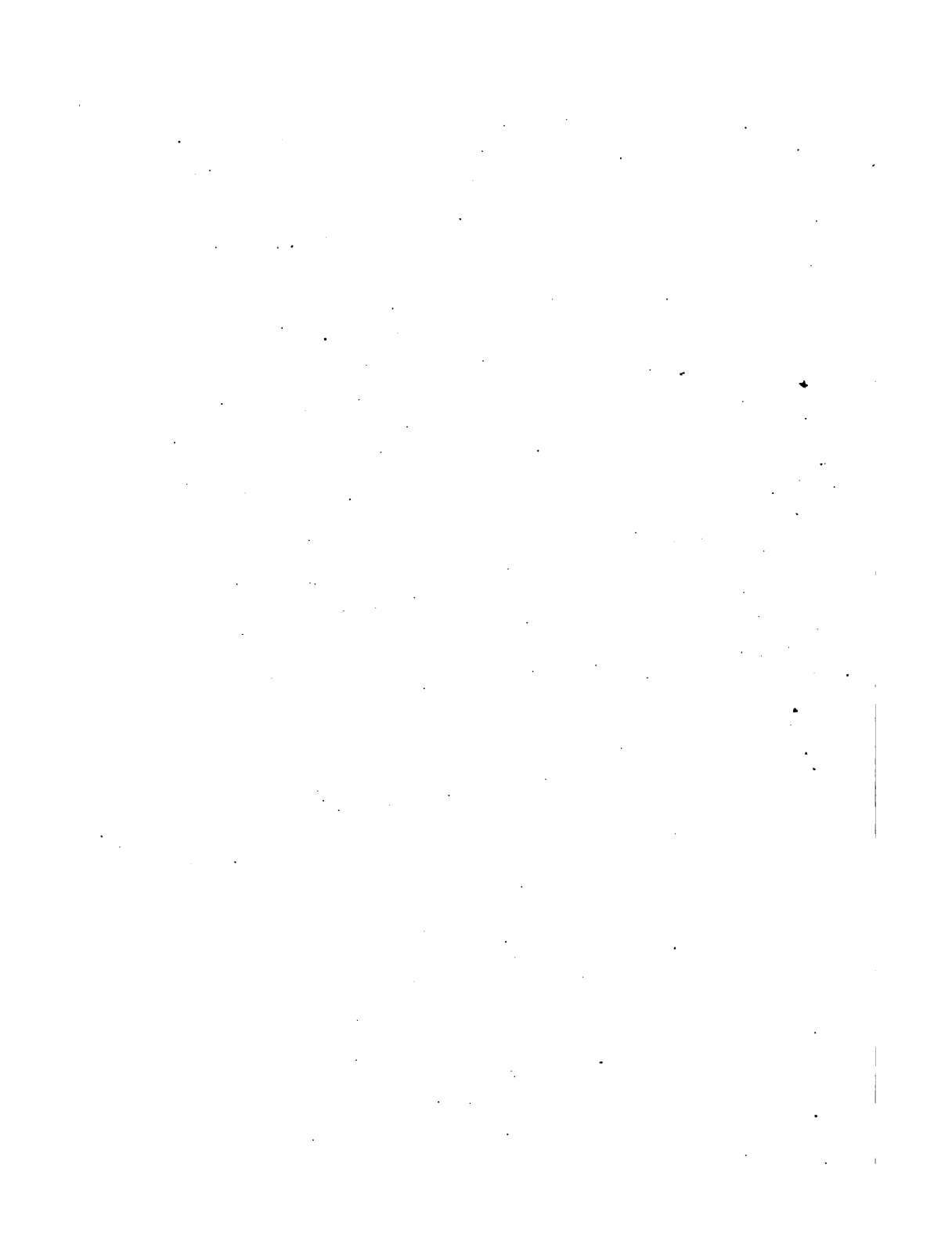
CHRISTMAS CHIMES  
AND  
NEW YEAR RHYMES  
WITH A GALLERY OF  
NOT-ABLES



600070873V









CHRISTMAS CHIMES

AND

NEW YEAR RHYMES.



“ The King is dead, Long live the King ! ”  
Age wanes, youth follows after,  
Ring out the Old with solemn swing,  
Ring in the New with laughter.

# CHRISTMAS CHIMES

AND

## NEW YEAR RHYMES,

SERIOUS AND COMIC.

WITH A GALLERY OF NOT-ABLES DRAWN AND

QUARTERED IN VARIOUS VERSE,

SENSE, AND NON-SENSE.



LONDON

BASIL MONTAGU PICKERING

196 PICCADILLY

1876

280 . j . 475








## CONTENTS.

### I.

	Page
 HRISTMAS EVE, or, Annie and Willie's prayer . . . .	1
II. The Matin Bell . . . .	8
III. The Day Dreamer . . . .	9
IV. The Curfew Bell . . . .	9
V. To the Queen of my Heart, Mistress of my Faith, and Lady of my Love . . . .	11
VI. From the Pope to Queen Victoria . . . .	13
VII. Inscription on a defunct J.C.P.C. . . .	15
VIII. A real Monmouthshire Epitaph . . . .	15
IX. Of a Cenotaph . . . . .	16
X. Lines on the late memorable clash and c'lision on the Solent . . . . .	16
XI. "Victorious Alberta" . . . . .	17
XII. Navy Estimate and Stores . . . . .	18
XIII. Heroic Epistle . . . . .	19
XIV. Answer of a Dean to an Archbishop . . . .	25
XV. Ecclesiastical Intelligence . . . . .	34
XVI. Naval Intelligence . . . . .	34

	Page
XVII. Pot and Kettle . . . . .	37
XVIII. Charade for Christmas . . . . .	39
XIX. De Baculo Pampineo . . . . .	40
XIX. On a Vine Staff . . . . .	41
XX. In Quendam qui Epigramma Præcedens suo Nomine Publici Juris Fecit . . . . .	40
XX. On a fellow who stole the above, and handed it about as his own . . . . .	41
XXI. Do to others as you would be done by . . . . .	44
 A GALLERY OF NOT-ABLES . . . . .	 49
EX NIHILO NIHIL . . . . .	82
ISRAEL IN EGYPT . . . . .	82





## PREFACE.



WHEN the reader has finished the Christmas-Eve legend of Saint Nicolas, which I have printed from a wonderful paper, the "Californian Spirit of the Times," vol. 40, 2nd January, 1875, No. 16," he will, if moved as I have been by that pure domestic idyll, feel himself in a fitting mood to walk with me into, and through, my Gallery of Not-ables. Tenderness will have taught him truthfulness, and truthfulness will incline him to mirth, for what can make a man more merry than to see the traits of men as they are, true to nature, indeed, but lightly touched, with only so much care and

severity of treatment as to make their eyes look into his—the test of artistic portraiture.

The portraits are so few, that the gallery, though small, admits of their all being hung upon the line. Some few I have in a back room, still standing on the ground with their faces to the wall—not because the King of Burmah so arranges the series of portraits sent him as presents by the kings and princes, his contemporaries—as if he would have none of them higher than himself—but simply as a reserve for a future hanging; should I hereafter think them worthy of having their heads lifted up, like that of the chief baker of Pharaoh. One must not consume all our holyday bake-meats on Christmas Day. There is a New Year's Day and Twelfth Day to come, and Christmas Days after this. I adopt the principle of reserve.

The sketches my visitor will find numbered, but I have no catalogue to offer him; his mind must make one for himself. In one or two instances some sort of inscription or descrip-

tion appears on the frames or on the panels. Beyond these and the information they may convey, "If I be urged, I will as readily reply as that Egyptian in Plutarch (Lib. De Curiositate), when a curious fellow would needs know what he had in his basket—*Quum vides velatam, quid inquiris in rem absconditam?*" which, for the sake of my young friends, home for the holydays—I beg their pardons, the vacation—I will render for them loosely as Melancholy Burton, whose sentence it is, goes on to render them. "It was therefore covered because he should not know what was in it. Seek not after that which is hid : if the contents please thee, and be for thy use, suppose it the Man in the Moon—" to which rendering and comment of old R.B., D.J., I demur, preferring this with the answer as most apposite to my purpose :

Q. Thou see'st it veil'd, why look behind the veil ?

A. To scan the likeness, and so read its tale.

And thus answering, thou wouldst answer well.

The heads—likenesses you are pleased to call them before seeing them—have tales attached to them, some less, some more in number, like a man who used to tell a good story, and when applauded for its wit and humour, would say, “Stay, stay, I have three tales behind.” He was in consequence known as the Bashaw.

The heads in my Gallery are, what they profess to be, mere outlines, and the tales they tell very simple and brief. They are almost all however living, if not very lively heads, and their historiettes—contemporaneous. Consequently, to the boys of this generation, who will, if they live, be the men of the next, they may be useful as tokens of what has been, and may be again. But is the knowledge they convey the best for young folks in their holidays? Unhesitatingly—Yes; the proper study of mankind is man, and, as the boy is father to the man, *à priori* as well as *à fortiori*, this must be the study most appropriate for him. And if so, how can he pursue that study more

agreeably than by a *farrago libelli*, a mixture of *utile* with *dulce* like this? how more pleasantly than by rhymes, the representatives in our day of the old legendary and historic *carmen* of earliest Rome and of all rude nations? But why the old *carmen*, rather than plain unfettered prose like that of Mr. Ruskin, the Coryphæus of art galleries and gallery writing? First, because I am not Mr. Ruskin; and secondly, because I say that verse is better; and thirdly, because I think nonsense verse better than no verse at all. Moreover, if I *were* Mr. Ruskin, I should be—not here writing either verse or prose—but busy with Reuben at the “Sheepfolds,” waiting to hear the bleating of the flocks. But this by the way.

Do not our Logicians use verses, nonsense verses, if you please, to convey a vast amount of sense and meaning? They do, and have very long done so. Take, for example, that far-famed and pregnant “copy of verses,” the mother and brain-moulder of successive generations of embryo syllogists:—



"Barbara, Celarent, Darii, Ferioque prioris ;  
 Cesare, Camestres, Festino, Baroko, secundæ ;  
 Tertia, Darapti, Disamis, Datisi, Felapton,  
 Bokardo, Ferison, habet : Quarta insuper addit.  
 Bramantip, Camenes, Dimaris, Fesapo, Fresison ;  
 Quinque Subalterni totidem Generalibus orti"—

1. Is *Barbara Celarent* nothing but the "cloak to cover Barbarism," which a not too wise Respondent affirmed it once to be ?

2. *Cesare*—Cæsar, he needs no Commentary but his own.

3. *Tertia* (with a tinge and tone of the east, about its names) speaks nobly for itself.

4. *Bokardo*. Is this nothing ? Some to their cost have found the contrary.—See Foxe.

5. *Bramantip*—that closes with a pleasantly prophetic chirp, seasonable at all times, but specially so at this present—with the ring of something real about it, if it be but realized.

6. *Quinque Subalterni*.—Read again the line above, and then say whether these five Lieutenants, sons of the five general officers, be nothing ? And now once more for it in English, to make sure of its meaning :—

"Subalterns five, who spring from as many old generals  
     haughty,  
 Now, do you think my hitching the verse into rhyme very  
     naughty?  
 Ought I to drop the line down to my basket of waste paper,  
     ought I?  
 Yes; for you know by the line that comes last, he does well  
     that eschews 'em,  
 Nomen habent nullum, nec, si bene colligis, usum—  
 Name have they none, nor service have seen; they are geese  
     who would use 'em.  
 Subalterns five, what fools the five generals were to produce  
     'em!  
 Take my dactyls for what they are worth, and, though  
     jerky, excuse 'em."

Are not dates, lines of kings, rolls of war-  
 riors, strings of battles, circumstances, in long  
 array, civil, political, domestic, and foreign,  
 truths, technical, philosophical, and religious,  
 all taught and learned through the modulated  
*memoria technica* of sense and nonsense verses—  
 the "Lays" of the lecture, and the school-  
 room?

How familiar we all boast of being with

"William the Conqueror came without axing,  
 And landing near Hastings kill'd Harold the Saxon:  
 William named Rufus, his son, it is said,  
 Was so named from clothing our regiments in red:  
 Harry his brother was famed for his wit,  
 As a Beauclerc he tutor'd in Greek a Tom-tit,  
 His daughter Matilda, and Nephew King Stephen,

Were at odds, and 'tis odd, their long odds were long even,  
Then Henry the 'Broomer' must needs go and peck at  
His betters, and break his front tooth on A'Becket;  
And after 'Court mantle,' came 'Lion-heart' Richard," &c.

Now all this nursery and lecture-room rhyming is found to come in with very subsidiary and substantial relief to the National Gallery of Portraits, and especially to the royal statues, Cromwell included, in the Crystal Palace Company's screen. Then why not to the portraits on my wall, and to their contemporaneous history? why should they not? Lest, by speaking the truth of public characters, you teach the young to speak evil of Dignities? Not so. Not evil of *dignities*, but lightly perhaps of Dignitaries, if they deserve it—when, by debasing the dignities they unworthily fill, they do dishonour at one and the same time both to themselves and to the patrons who appointed them. A sentry would feel himself disgraced and his post degraded, if he were relieved and replaced by a scarecrow.

In their proper season—for to everything there is a time—seeing that—

"Ver non usque viret,<sup>1</sup> semper non æstuat æstas,  
Decidit autumnus, dura liquescit hyems."

"Not always spring is green, nor summer hot,  
Autumn dies off, hard winter runs to pot."

—in their proper season, you have scarecrows over your pea gardens, orchards and fields, your Starve-larks, Rushet-lyes, Hither-crofts, and other portions of your demesne lands, scare-crows of varied style, stature, humour, and efficiency, defiant, deprecatory, versatile and tragic; attired withal, some in the tattered red coat of ex-militiamen and regulars, some as old admirals in white duck with hats cocked athwart-ships, and with one wooden peg each to stand on; some as old women with white sleeves, black petticoats and aprons, Welsh women's hats, and red cloaks and grey cloaks, and purple and russetty; another as a Highlander with worn tartan and kilmarnock very woe begone, or as a Milesian Paddy in his long swallow-tail blue with brass buttons, and knee breeches, long stringed, but open at the knee to all the winds of heaven,—*quos aquæ*

<sup>1</sup> See Note below, p. 79.

*subeunt et auræ*—in fact, in all “the looped and windowed raggedness” of the village armoury. Now these no doubt are useful in scaring off, for a while, the black crows and rooks of sylvan society, and in time become special objects of interest, if not alarm, to the young sparrows, and timid little field birds, that watch from a safe distance, their jerky gesture and wavings in the wind—and not profitless beating of the air.

Yet you are not in the habit of teaching your tame birds, your fowl, and feathered songsters to worship your scarecrows, and carol loud the praises of your Priapi! Why then should man do that which he teaches not the creatures inferior to himself to do? I know of no law which forbids us or our children to fall down and worship scarecrows, such worship being, in as many words, not forbidden by the second commandment of the law, inasmuch as these scarecrows proper are neither carved, molten, nor graven, nor in the likeness of anything that is in heaven,

in earth, or under the earth; but I know of no law which obliges us or our children to worship them. *Sui generis* they stick up as warnings.

Then we may use but not abuse them, neither idolizing them, as men did Moody, and women Sankey, nor yet treating them as Uncle Bens and Aunt Sallys. For their use they have, and thus we use them, for our own behoof.

But speaking even yet more seriously,—In seeking thus harmlessly to amuse and inform my younger friends, especially at this merry season of the year, I have not lifted up my hand in anger, nor my voice in wrath, nor employed other weapons than those of holiday warfare.

Even upon the gravest offenders against propriety, upon the least decently demeanoured of scarecrows, I have not brought to bear any railing accusation, nor, save in one instance, the great gun of history, and, even in that instance, other hands than mine,

hands now motionless, but *not powerless*, in the grave, have levelled the ordnance, and discharged the shot, the stern effect of which will, by its ill-fated recipient, be, not only in his flowing cups freshly remembered, but felt until death in the solitude of his chamber and in the silence of his own heart.

In a word, if I have seemed to make game of my Gallery of Not-Ables, I have done no more than Parliament has done with rabbits,—done, indeed, what will beyond a doubt, enhance their value in the eyes of the country-gentlemen of England to whom GAME is GLORY.

Accept then, fellow-countrymen, my game basket, and all that therein is, and with it all the compliments and good wishes of the season, and while, with your boys around you, you

“ Discuss the flavour and discern the drift,  
may it please you to  
Oblige the giver, and enjoy the gift.”



I.

CHRISTMAS-EVE ;

OR,

ANNIE AND WILLIE'S PRAYER.



WAS the eve before Christmas, good  
night had been said,  
And Annie and Willie had crept into  
bed,  
There were tears on their pillows, and tears in  
their eyes,  
And each little bosom was heaving with sighs.  
For to-night their stern father's command had been  
given,  
That they should retire precisely at seven,  
Instead of at eight, for they troubled him more  
With questions unheard of than ever before.  
He told them he thought this delusion a sin,  
No such being as "Santa Claus" ever had been,



And he hoped after this he should never more hear  
How he scrambled down chimneys with presents  
each year ;

And this was the reason that two little heads  
So restlessly toss'd on their soft downy beds.  
Eight, nine, and the clock in the steeple toll'd ten,  
(Not a word had been spoken by either till then),  
When Willie's sad face from the blanket did peep,  
And whisper'd, "Dear Annie, is ou fas asleep?"  
"Why no, brother Willie," a sweet voice replies,  
"I've tried to in vain, but I can't shut my eyes,  
For somehow it makes me so sorry because  
Dear papa has said there is no 'Santa Claus.'  
Now we know that there is, and it can't be denied,  
For he came every year before dear mamma died ;  
But then I've been thinking that she used to pray,  
And God would hear every thing mamma would  
say,

And she ask'd Him perhap to send 'Santa Claus' here  
With a sack full of presents he brought every  
year."

"Well, why tant we pay, dust as mamma did then,  
And ask Dod to send him with pesents aden?"

"I've been thinking so too," and without a word more  
Four little bare feet bounded out on the floor,  
Four little knees on the soft carpet press'd,

And two tiny hands clasp'd close to each breast.  
" Now, Willie, you know we must firmly believe  
That the presents we ask for we're sure to  
receive,

You must wait just as still, till I say the Amen,  
And by that you will know that your time  
has come then.

' Dear Jesus, look down on my brother and me,  
And grant us the favour we're asking of Thee ;  
I want a wax dolly, a tea-set, and ring,  
And an ebony workbox that shuts with a spring.

Bless papa, dear Jesus, and cause him to see  
That ' Santa Claus ' loves us far better than he ;  
Don't let him get fretful and angry again

At dear brother Willie and Annie, Amen ! "'

" Pease, Desus, et Santa Taus tome down to-night,  
And bing us some peasants before it is light ;

I want he should dive me a nice little sed  
With bright shining unners and all painted ed,  
A box full of tandy, a book, and a toy,

Amen ! And, dear Desus, I'll be a dood boy."

Their prayers being ended, they raised up their heads  
And with hearts light and cheerful again sought  
their beds.

They were soon lost in slumber both peaceful and  
deep,

With fairies in dreamland were roaming in sleep.  
Eight, nine, and the little French clock had struck  
ten

Ere the father had thought of his children again.  
He seems now to hear Annie's half-suppressed sighs,  
And to see the big tears stand in Willie's blue  
eyes.

"I was harsh with my darlings," he mentally said,  
"For I should not have sent them so early to bed;  
But then I was troubled, my feelings found vent,  
For Bank Stock to-day has gone down ten per  
cent. ;

But of course they have forgotten their troubles ere  
this,

And that I denied them the thrice-asked-for kiss,  
But just to make sure I'll steal up to their door,  
For I never was harsh to my darlings before."

So saying he softly ascended the stairs,  
And arrived just in time to hear both say their  
prayers ;

His Annie's "bless Papa" drew forth the big tears,  
And Willie's grave promise falls sweet on his ears.  
"Strange ! strange ; I'd forgotten," he said with a  
sigh,

"How I long'd when a child to have Christmas  
draw nigh ;

I'll atone for my harshness," he inwardly said,  
" By answering their prayers ere I sleep in my  
bed."

Then he turn'd to the stairs, and he softly went  
down,

Threw off velvet slippers and silk dressing gown,  
Donn'd hat, coat, and boots, and was out in the  
street ;

A million are facing the cold, driving sleet,  
Nor stopp'd he until he had bought every thing,  
From the box full of candy to the tiny gold ring ;  
Indeed, he kept adding so much to his store

That the various presents outnumber'd a score.  
Then homeward return'd with his holiday load,  
And with Aunt Mary's help in the nursery 'twas  
stow'd ;

Miss Dolly was seated beneath a pine tree,  
By the side of a table spread out for her tea,  
A workbox well filled in the centre was laid,  
And on it the ring for which Annie had pray'd ;  
A soldier in uniform stood by a sled,  
With bright shining runners and all painted red.  
There were balls, dogs, and horses, books pleasing  
to see,

And birds of all colours were perch'd in the tree,  
And " Santa Claus " laughing stood up in the top,

As if getting ready more presents to drop.  
And as the fond father the picture survey'd,  
For his trouble he thought he had amply been paid,  
And he said to himself as he brush'd off a tear,  
"I'm happier to-night than I've been for a year,  
I've enjoy'd more true pleasure than ever before ;  
What care I if Bank stock fall ten per cent. more."  
So saying he gently extinguish'd the light,  
And tripp'd down the stairs to retire for the night.  
As soon as the beams of the bright morning sun  
Put the darkness to flight and the stars one by one,  
Four little blue eyes out of sleep open'd wide,  
And at the same moment the presents espied.  
Then out of their beds they sprang up with a bound,  
And all the gifts pray'd for were, each of them,  
found.  
They laugh'd and they cried in their innocent glee,  
And shouted for papa to come quick and see  
What presents old Sant' Claus had brought in the  
night  
(Just the things that they wanted), and left before  
light,  
"And now," added Annie in voice soft and low,  
"You'll believe there's a Santa Claus, papa, I  
know."  
While dear little Willie climb'd up on his knee,

Determined no secret between them should be,  
And told in soft whispers how Annie had said  
That their dear blessed mamma so long ago dead  
Used to kneel down and pray by the side of a chair,  
And God up in heaven had answer'd her prayer.  
“Den we dot up and payed, dust as well as we tood,  
And Dod answered our payers: now wasn't He  
dood?”  
“I should say that He was if He sent you all these,  
And knew just what presents my children to please;  
Well, well, let him think so, the dear little elf,  
’Twould be cruel to tell him I did it myself.”  
Blind father! Who caused your stern heart to  
relent,  
And the hasty words spoken so soon to repent?  
’Twas the Being That bade you steal softly up stairs,  
And made you His agent to answer their prayers.



## II.

## THE MATIN BELL.

## I.



HE Matin bell is chiming cheerly  
 Over the grassy lea,  
 And oh! I love its music dearly,  
 It tells my heart of thee.

## II.

It tells me of the glad May-morning,  
 When in the flower-strewn aisle  
 You bless'd my simple bride-adorning,  
 Pale wreath and sunny smile.

## III.

It tells me of the mournful morrow,  
 When drum and trumpet-swell  
 Rang out in curfew tones of sorrow  
 Our long, our last farewell.

Farewell! Farewell! Sweet matin bell,  
 Sad curfew knell! Farewell! Farewell!

## III.

## THE DAY DREAMER.



FOR her the merry matin chime  
 With the tolling curfew blended ;  
 She lived through the sunny hours of  
 prime,  
 And died when day was ended.

## IV.

## THE CURFEW BELL.

## I.



LOWLY mere and marish over  
 Booms the curfew's solemn toll ;  
 Quench your torch-lights—drop the  
 cover  
 On the smouldering ember-hole.

## II.

Birds of night, now forth, and flitting  
 Leave your latticed belfry tower ;



Birds of day now standing, sitting,  
Roost ye in your leafy bower.

## III.

Trackers of the Red King's venison,  
Sharp your arrows, sharp your eyes,  
Lest the verdurer's heavy benison  
Ban you with a bolt's surprise.

## IV.

Mother, to the curfew's tolling  
Dance your babe upon your knee,  
For the goodman hears it knolling  
In his fisher-bark at sea.

## V.

Though it tell him that the stranger's  
Heel is on his father's home,  
Light recks he of forest rangers,  
For his track is through the foam.

## VI.

And it minds him of his darlings  
Cottaged on the forest's edge,  
Or beside the old brigg-starlings  
Nestling in the rush and sedge.

TO THE QUEEN OF MY HEART. 11

VII.

Men of England, though the pealing  
Curfew was a curse to you,  
Sweet to me the note comes stealing  
Of the Norman couvre-feu.

V.

TO THE QUEEN OF MY HEART,  
MISTRESS OF MY FAITH, AND  
LADY OF MY LOVE.

I.



Y one, first love, you hold me yet,  
Though other loves have wooed me,  
While you so oft have play'd coquette  
And prattled to delude me.

II.

You feign'd yourself a heavenly Fair,  
Of an immortal stock,  
To me : while you to others sware  
Your Father was a Block.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Henry VIII., the  
Block-King.

III.

While me you claim by right royál  
Of sovereignty to rule ;  
To them—my all of love you call  
The service of a fool.

IV.

To me you paint yourself a Queen,  
In robes of purple dress'd ;  
To others you appear so mean  
You scarce have one clean vest.

V.

Two mouths you have of sour and sweet,  
And if I fain would kiss  
The sweet—I fear the sour to greet,  
And so the blessing miss.

VI.

False one—upon your grave I'll lay  
(If you go earthward first)  
This scroll: "She knew the better way,  
But went, alas ! the worst."

VI.  
FROM THE POPE TO QUEEN  
VICTORIA.

A NOTE AND A QUERY.



HO from the unclean can bring forth  
the clean ?

Who from salt water draw a cup of  
fresh ?

Who can the noble dig from out the mean ?  
Or spirit from the palpable gross flesh ?

Well ! out of Sodom certainly went Lot,  
But Lot did not from Sodom fairly hail ;  
Out of the noonday blazing red and hot  
Comes the calm evening, dewy-lipp'd and pale ;  
When in green combe, or mouth of tendrill'd grot,  
The shepherd halts to tell his fleecy tale :  
Though these exactest parallels are not,  
And here at least the fine exceptions fail.

The merchant from his shipwreck'd shoddy lots  
Scarce thinks to weigh one sound unblemish'd  
bale :

So you by natural descent have gotten  
(For who can fetch you sound things out of rotten),  
From Barlow, Scory, Hodgkin, Coverdale,  
Your Tom's Sons, Jack's Sons, Pates,<sup>1</sup> and  
Polyglotts.

<sup>1</sup> Various readings  
—Têtes, Tates, or  
Taits.

Can men like Lord Monboddo's monkey males  
Sit on a bench till they sit off their tails ?

I pause for a reply.  
P. P. No-no—am I  
The humblest servant of your Majesty.

Superinscribed :  
To the Most Religious and Gracious Queen  
VICTORIA,  
Defender of the Faith in Scotland,  
Head Supreme of the Church of England,  
Pius, Servant of the Servants of God,  
Health and Benediction.

VII.  
INSCRIPTION ON A DEFUNCT  
J.C.P.C.

"He shall be buried with the burial of an ass."



ERE lies in death as all its life it lied  
A screw that carried double till it died.  
It was at best a very sorry hack,  
But when those canting jockeys Tom  
and Jack  
Figg'd it, they broke its character and back.

Stand, traveller, stand—to windward—not too near,  
And o'er it drop a—titter for a—tear.

VIII.  
A REAL MONMOUTHSHIRE  
EPITAPH.



ERE lies John Jackson,  
To his faults adieu !  
Were I to praise him  
I should lie here too.

IX.  
OF A CENOTAPH.

BY A VERGER.



HE Tomb of Master Thom :  
About him no one knows,  
Nor what place he came from,  
Nor to what place he goes.

X.  
LINES ON THE LATE MEMORABLE  
CLASH AND C'LISION ON  
THE SOLENT.

BY THE MATE OF THE BOANERGES BILLY-BOY.



AM vis vaporis *ingens*  
*Nautæque* male olent,  
Per mare hoc velivolum  
Qui navigare *solent*.

Roughly Englished by a steward's boy called  
Tommy :—

Big steam-ships with big *engines*  
And *in-solent* commanders,  
Don't smell too sweet to yachts that meet  
Those *naughty* salamanders.

XI.

I.



ICTORIOUS Alberta  
Runs down the Mistletoe.  
Oh ! no—she could not hurt her ;  
'Twas only touch and go.

II.

Three souls went down within her,  
Two seamen and one maid ;  
But what was that to dinner  
For half an hour delay'd !

III.

The gallant-hearted Dawkins  
Gets ruddled with a mark,  
For saving some score seamen  
Aboard a foreign bark :



IV.

For saving all his shipmates,  
Three hundred souls and fifty,  
Gets bowl'd—"My Lords" of monsters  
More than of men are thrifty.

V.

Hurrah then for the Hunts-men,  
Who matter more than man guard,  
Ward off rebuke from Iron Duke  
To Dawkins and the Vanguard.

MORAL.

From Chief in charge *Ward* off affront,  
On Pets be not too hard :  
If men submit them to a Hunt,  
They'll find a Hunt's a-ward.

XII.

NAVY ESTIMATE AND STORES.



HE Iron Duke 's their rammer-fluke,  
The Admiral is their log,  
The Vanguard's crew—what can they  
do ?

THE NAVY 's IN A FOG !

## XIII.

## EROIC EPISTLE.

FROM AN ARCHBISHOP TO A DEAN.

DEAR DEAN,



THANK you for your sermon,  
On me it fell like dews on Hermon ;  
(I mean the mountain with the peak,  
Not the great master of critique,

Who annotated plays in Greek).

It told, in sweet Cingalian gales,

“ To-morrow Albert Edward sails,  
His Royal Highness,<sup>1</sup> Prince of Wales,”

To meet in the bazaars of India,  
Great Maharajahs Singh and Scindia,  
And seal, with shaking their fat hands,  
The union of all Christian Lands.

I thank you, likewise, for the letter  
(*Par parenthèse*, none could be better).

Your correspondent's very clearly

A man I should appreciate dearly.

He understands—my worth I mean—

By asking me to ask the Queen

<sup>1</sup> *Celsitudo Regia*, title first assumed by a Duke of Holstein—more suited to a plant than a Prince. See *Chamb. Journ.* No. 622, Nov. 27, 1875, p. 765, col. 1. The “Vanity of Nations” after Marshall. Prayer books of the Georges are full of Royal Highnesses, male and female.

<sup>1</sup> "That Laud was despotic no one will deny, but he exerted his powers not to exceed, but to enforce the law upon those who had sworn to its observance. We can imagine a primate equally a despot in disposition, who, in waging war with a party against whom he had formed a prejudice, instead of being contented with the law as it stands, seeks by a new Act of Parliament to increase his own temporal power, and thus to betray the independence of the Church. We can imagine a primate—who, born and bred a Presbyterian, has been led by circumstances to conform to the Church—to be oblivious of his solemn ordination vow, with all faithful diligence to banish and drive away all erroneous and strange doctrines. We can suppose him to co-operate with the propagators of

To bid the Privy Council see  
 They write an humble note to me,  
 Intreating that my inspiration  
 Will pen a prayer to please the nation;  
 (I date from Stonehouse and, I own,  
 When ask'd for prayer *have* given a stone.  
 But that has been to people you  
 And I as our inferiors view;  
 Low people that we never knew,  
 Folks to whom snubbing was a due),  
 And having made the prayer—to order  
 All suffragans, this side the border,  
 (Dear Dean, I tremble at the deed  
 Of ordering aught beyond the Tweed),  
 To give the clergy charge to use it  
 Whether they choose or do not choose it  
 (And woe to them if they refuse it!)  
 The lower clergy, rectors, vicars,  
 And curates (whom I call mud-stickers,  
 Compared to our Imperial clay)  
 My strictest order, that they pray  
 To order, with the people lay.  
 (Lest things should fall into disorder,  
 My single word is—Order, order.<sup>1</sup>)  
 So we may hear, by all the mails,  
 "In health and spirits nothing ails

His Royal Highness, Prince of Wales,  
 And, deeply penetrated with  
 His solemn journey's point and pith,  
 Seeks, with a warmth that fits his age,  
 To print on lackey, lord and page  
 The purpose of his pilgrimage :  
 Paul-like at sea, and when ashore  
 No less like Paul, a flood to pour  
 Of light throughout that pagan clime,  
 More piercing than the light of lime ;  
 And win them, till, in thousands, come  
 The darkies of dark Heathendom,  
 And at his footstool wash their faces  
 In waters of all Christian graces : <sup>1</sup>  
 Till freed by one impressive " Amen,"  
 The slaves of Buddha and the Brahmin  
 Fling off dull caste and open set  
 The Peri-gates of Mahomet."

these same erroneous and strange doctrines, which every bishop is pledged both privately and openly to oppose."—DEAN HOOK'S *Life of Laud*, p. 389.

<sup>1</sup> See "Fun," p. 211, Nov. 20, 1875.

Nor deem this vision simply visionary,  
 The " Propagation " and the " Missionary "  
 Combined, for once, and not long since,  
 Of this grand home truth to convince  
 Myself and my dear friend the prince,  
 'Gainst him no power of ill prevails,  
 The light of love before him pales,

<sup>1</sup> "Stickit-minister," Kirk phrase for stuck-prig or preacher among Presbyterians.

Before him Bengal Tiger quails,  
 And Lions pare their princely nails,  
 And pigs unstickit<sup>1</sup> turn their tails.  
 While, him to chouse the cheetah fails,  
 His Royal Highness, Prince of Wales.  
 O'er him crown'd eagles spread their sails,  
 And fish brush up their coats of scales,  
 While Lords Leviathan of Whales  
 In spoutings speak their loud All-hails;  
 And Bulls and Bulbul-nightingales  
 With him make vocal hills and dales,  
 His Royal Highness, Prince of Wales.  
 Firm in this faith I take my stand,  
 Firm to this faith I set my hand,  
 And would to paper and a prayer,  
 But that misgivings cross me there,  
 Lest some of our best friends should say,  
 "What use is it such prayers to pray?  
 What issue upon prayer depends?  
 Prayer is Pat's cable without ends—"  
 So if I hesitate a bit,  
 'Tis not from doubting my deep wit,  
 Or questioning how far I'm fit,  
 In power, for writing prayers and praying,  
 Which, trust me, there is no gainsaying;  
 But solely, Dean, because I think  
 If I made prayers they'd tip the wink:

For mighty as my prayers would be,  
They vote all prayer a nullity.

My collects—you well know that they are  
Superior much to "Common Pray-er,"  
More soft, more sweet, more staid, more simple,  
More pitted with Devotion's dimple,  
Less mark'd with sixteenth-century pimple,  
Less churchy, more what might be said,  
At opening of a Queen's arcade,  
Or coal, or corn, or money mart,  
Or music hall, or hall of art,  
Or hallowing of the Board of Trade,  
Or craft, or crystal colonnade,  
Or colours on a court parade,  
More suited to our modern style  
(You have them on your prayer-ful file)  
More scriptural—although I say it—  
Than verse of Brady or of Ta-it,  
In other words less prosy, shady,  
Than metre-psalms of Tate and Brady.  
And less suggestive of grave qualms  
Than Sternhold's and John Hopkins' Psalms.  
Therefore, although I can, I will not,  
The treasures of my can I spill not,  
Lest men poke fun at them, and flout them,

And our friends say they'll do without them,  
There nothing is of use about them.

Besides—the dear domestic souls,  
That keep my prayer-slip pigeon-holes,  
Are all aboard the Prince Serapis,  
Where he, who ties them in red tape, is.  
Still, though I feel no heart to pray,  
I boldly will the prophet play,  
And claim authority to say  
That soon, along the thrilling wire,  
Shall flash those Orient words of fire,  
Sum of our prayers and wishes—TELL  
MAMA WE'RE HAPPY<sup>1</sup>—AND ALL'S WELL,  
All's well! Thank God, 'tis all we want.\*

Yours ever, I remain,

A. CCant.

<sup>1</sup> There were myriads of quaint devices, among others,  
“TELL MAMA WE ARE HAPPY.” —  
*Daily Paper, November 10, 1875.*

Our Times, Tuesday, November 9, 1875.

\* A natural confusion of names and places, of men and things, seems to run throughout this epistle partly owing perhaps to the distraction of mind, inseparable, in some natures, from excess of responsibility, partly perhaps as being fairly consequent upon the heroic character of the composition itself, and the circumstances under which it was communicated. A touching and in some sort a trying, if triumphant, occasion.

XIV.  
ANSWER OF A DEAN TO AN  
ARCHBISHOP.

NOT BEFORE PUBLISHED.



Y Dear Archbishop, thank you greatly  
For the kind answer you sent lately ;  
' Anser ' is ' goose , ' but such as thine,  
Dear Arch, are answers all divine.

With all you say about the clergy  
I quite agree, and would but urge ye  
Their faces grind to dust, in order  
To use the powder for soft sawder,  
Which, salved its cracking to prevent,  
Makes a Prime Royal Court cement,  
And, well applied in certain quarters,  
Makes nursing mothers, nursling-daughters.  
You know my drift—accept my hint,  
*We* know, we *know*,—there 's something in 't.

The Clergy I repute Church-lumber,  
So never rate me in the number,



Superior—none—will I confess :  
 A.P.E. X. is A.P.S.,  
 The crown of all Church courtliness !  
 Submission own ? no, not to *you* ;  
 In church I'm lord of all I view ;  
 Who caps the D. of W. ?

Since upon Moabitish stones  
 I scraped my fingers to the bones,  
 And to the quick wore down my nails  
 On hieroglyphs of Dagon's scales,  
 And pick'd and fumbled at inscriptions,  
 I've had some mighty predilections  
 For using freely, as my factors,  
 Whole lines of Capital Characters,  
 ANAPEHEISYEISTOFACTORS.  
 This line came to me in deep sleep,  
 Found in the dust-Decanal heap,  
 I cannot spell its meaning deep.  
 It looks mysterious, suits I mean,  
 A Capital and letter'd Dean,  
 [Such as I am and you were not,  
 When " London " you for Carlisle got.  
 If Canterbury were my lot,  
 As Canterbury was my due,  
 Then I had been " A. Cant." like you.]

This an aside (as on  
 the stage) written  
 on a rude scrap of  
 the rough copy of  
 the letter from  
 which we print.

Yes! that I'm not like other men  
Again I'm thankful and again,  
And since the world agrees I am  
More like a lion than a lamb,  
I'll fight within my Petrine walls for  
Whate'er my inclination calls for ;  
Whatever fish I want I'll fish up,  
Whate'er I choose to dish I'll dish up,  
Sans Ordinary Arch- or Bishop ;  
Bury in my, not God's, Long Acre,  
Whatever wants an undertaker ;  
All Jews, Turks, heretics, or in-  
Fidels, who popular have been,  
Or made of solemn things good sport,  
To please, through Master Punch, the Court :  
As Samson once with scarce a rag on,  
And bare as George before the Dragon,  
Made sport, then made the pillars wag on  
The heads of lords that had their way gone  
With princes to that house of Dagon.  
The church's head is mine, and she,  
My only Head supreme, will see  
No Bishop interferes with me,  
Till the wet blanket of the dark  
Shall wrap the Abbey, and men mark  
Strange shapes, of every shade and size,

<sup>1</sup> Not Fawkes, but  
Cavalcanti.

From out my marble Forest rise,  
And scour, like hell hounds of old Guy,<sup>1</sup>  
Through transept, nave, and quire, full cry.  
While Death, as whipper in, shall follow  
And make my Church one vast View Holla.

This for the Dead in—what's a name?  
Now for the Living and their claim.  
For as the Dead *componere nostrum est*,  
So for the Living there a *rostrum est*,  
Who wills, IF I WILL, he shall preach there,  
Who wills, whate'er I will, shall teach there;  
Of Layman, Nonconform., and Elder,  
Of each with all am I co-welder,  
And weld I will, till all shall run  
Their several crotchets into one,  
Joe Parker, Brooke, and Bunion;  
And form one vasty pyramid,  
Broad based with them, while I, the lid,  
Higher than poor Pan-angles soar,  
A Doctor, Dean, and something more!

When come the Clergy in my way,  
Thus much I think it right to say,  
Lest folk my place and power mistake,  
Or error in my status make,

Or think me but a common Dean,  
Such as may any day be seen,  
In clerical costume serene,  
Howson or Church—or hold their nose,  
Accosting me, too close, as Close—  
Stool in my wit I would have said,  
But in my wisdom ‘stall’ instead;  
Stalls are for Deans, till rabbling fools,  
From all the low uncourtly schools  
Of curs that are, or make men, tools,  
Shall come and push us from our stools.

About the Prince you’re right, all-fours,  
He goes a mission from our shores,  
(Missions in general áre sad bores)  
To preach that all mankind is one,  
That Dun is White, and White is Dun,  
That all religions are the same,  
That all may equal homage claim,  
That Mahomet and Zoroaster  
Stand on the footing of our Master,  
That we’ve no right of truth to claim a  
Precedence over Buddh or Brama.  
Not but that they, like loyal Deities,  
With half an eye or ten, will see it is  
Quite right to yield the foremost place,  
To royal Edward’s special grace.

Away with sect-religion's curst sting !  
My heart, my heart is full to bursting.  
I see things that I never saw,  
I know things that I never know,  
(I write by orthoepic law)  
While Houris to the Prince unveil,  
And Peris down from heaven's gate sail  
To whisper in his ear " all hail !"  
While Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy,  
And Cursetjee and Rum-un-roy,  
And all the Holy Christian Knights,  
That worship and believe in lights,  
The sun by day, the moon by nights,  
And all their lesser satellites,  
(Astronomy too little lingers  
With me to count them on my fingers)  
All these I say with Bahmanhu  
Will bend before him and Kootoo,  
While Madhva Rao and Saramam  
Approach him with their Court Salaam.

But these, oh ! these, are idler tales  
Than those which hang on Chinese males,  
For lo ! the Sun ! the Parsees' Sun !  
At firing of his morning gun,  
Comes forth from his pavilion,

To do him service—Far and wide  
He flings the curtain-folds aside,  
Scattering, at every step he takes,  
Red, blue and green in golden flakes,  
So fiery-flashing, that all eyes  
Stone blind are stricken by the dyes,  
That rise and fall, and fall and rise,  
In fathomless infinities—  
And only each can see the other,  
The Parsees' Sun, the Son, his Brother !  
While as a Brother Sun he hails,  
The Son of England and of Wales.  
But hold, lest from excitement I,  
And you from over-reading, die,  
I'll close, confessing as a man  
I never was in Hindostan ;  
And yet methinks this mind of mine  
Knows it as well as Palestine—  
Or better, for to me, unseen,  
It ever hath my thought-home been,  
Since from my father's lips I heard  
'Twas the great home of one great Bird.  
Oh ! if the Prince would only bring me  
One wild, yet weakly Roc, to sing me  
Weekly to sleep, with that soft motion  
Which shakes into one's head a notion;

How would I thank him ! with what hand  
Of glee shake his ! and to my stand  
Of Birds—A Prince's present !—add it,  
And say, my sainted Father bade it,  
Whispering in dreams, " My little man,  
Get all you may, keep all you can,  
Bird, beast or metal—that's your plan."  
" Beast," he said, " beast !" No, I don't want  
A thundering big white elephant.  
He's fond of fun, I should not wonder  
He'd like to see the great brute thunder  
Up Peter's nave with him, and blunder  
Through Peter's cloister, and then clamber  
Into Jerusalem—my chamber.  
And then become the death of us,  
Discomfiting me and my Gus,  
Until—

Until the world and the archbishop with it  
would come to an end, for there are seven more  
sheets and a half of this same stuff in the back-  
ground still, notwithstanding the " I'll close "  
above.

If the other poor man who went from Jerusalem  
to Jericho—the Dean has already been down that  
way, I believe,—had been known to be carrying  
only matter of this sort in his pocket he need not  
have dreaded thieves on that Road of Blood.

*" Cantabit vacuus coram latrone viator."*

(This for the hundredth time within the last fortnight.)

Much less reason any how would he have had for apprehensions of this nature, than had Isaac Barrow to be nervous for the safety of his sermons—which are nervous indeed—when, on the road with Seth Ward from Salisbury to London, he unlocked his portmanteau, at an alarm of thieves, and taking out his papers began bestowing them about the several parts of his person for the protection, not of his person, to which they might have been useful as a coat of sheet armour, but of the sermons and homilies themselves, a notion which the good bishop was inclined to smile at for its simplicity. We might be disposed to laugh at the idea—which the Bishop hardly ventured to do—of the gentlemen highwaymen of that day mounting and coming out upon the road to run away with a barrow-ful of sermons, though the Doctor had written them in Constantinople, and though the dust of his writings, like those of Pearson, were gold, but not the gold that footpads covet, and mounted gentlemen rob and hang for.



## XV.

## ECCLESIASTICAL INTELLIGENCE,

SUPPLIED BY A PRIVATE SECRETARY.



F words, by Bishops written, are  
Great truths, and truths must still be,  
He means who writes "A CCant-u-ar,"  
"A CCant" you always will be.

## XVI.

NAVAL INTELLIGENCE<sup>1</sup>

(AT RATHER A LOW EBB).

"The Alberta, Royal Yacht, having completed the whole of her repairs, was floated out of dock at Portsmouth yesterday. All signs of the Mistletoe collision have been removed. Her gold rope moulding, shield figure-head, and the rose, thistle, and shamrock scroll-work on her bows have been renewed, and she has in addition received new funnels, new bowsprit, and new cutwater. Her copper sheathing has also been covered with a coating of Jesty's composition."—*Morning Paper*.

## I.



OOM—for the proud Alberta comes,  
Untrammell'd and undock'd,  
With shrill of fifes, and roll of drums,  
New furbish'd and new-frock'd.

---

<sup>1</sup> "The regulation which, as we announced some time ago, has been enforced upon the engineers in the Royal yachts

## II.

No tokens of the kiss she gave  
The Mistletoe are on her ;  
But round her runs—in omen grave,  
A golden rope of—honour !

## III.

A cutwater now takes the place  
Of what was her cut-schooner ;  
Men take it as an act of grace,  
But wish it had been sooner.

---

whereby they are prevented holding their appointments longer than five years, is also to be put in force with reference to the other officers. Staff-Commander T. W. Sullivan and Assistant-Paymaster R. F. W. Soady, both of whom have held their appointments in the 'Victoria and Albert' since 1870, will be superseded at the end of the year, and the other officers as their time of service expires. The only exceptions to this rule are Capt. Welch, of the 'Alberta,' and Staff-Commander Balliston, of the 'Elfin.'—*The Times*, Nov. 23, 1875.

"The endeavour of the Admiralty to hide or extenuate looseness and incompetence in the case of certain officers of the Reserve squadron has been consistently followed up by the impunity accorded to the officers of the 'Alberta' in regard to conduct which—as far as the present evidence goes—involves a deliberate violation of the rule of the road at sea, and resulted in a fatal collision. Prince Leiningen and Captain Welch are not only screened from a court-martial, but, as we learn from 'The Times' of Tuesday, Captain Welch is specially exempted from the rule as to the duration of staff

## IV.

With shielded figure-head all thrusts  
At her she hopes to parry,  
With arms full charged that shield she trusts  
Will butt and not miscarry.

## V.

Yet more—adorn'd with Royal Rose,  
Scotch thistle, and Pat Shamrock,  
She bears a letter o' mark, she knows,  
To ram boats—but not ram rock.

## VI.

For boats—while they must stand the rack  
Their owners stand the racket ;  
But if Alberta break her back  
Alberta must new-back it,  
And then, but not till then, the crack  
Run-down-men have to sack it.

## VII.

Paid o'er with Jesty's varnish dye  
She now majestic rides,

---

appointments which is to be rigorously applied to his fellow-officers. Such a policy as this naturally suggests doubts as to whether there is 'no possible danger' in exposing the discipline and seamanship of the navy to such a process of disintegration."—*Saturday Review*, Nov. 27, 1875.

Suggesting, what is Majesty  
Deprived of its outsides ?

## VIII.

A jest ? a jest it was when knight  
Met knight and Greek met Greek,  
But jest no longer, when brute might  
Runs down the poor and weak.

## IX.

Gifts for the brave Jack Tars ! though loose  
Lay round them Black Jack's String,  
Their necks they popt from out the noose :  
Then let each gallant hero choose  
His medal or his ring ;  
And wear it when, especial spruce,  
He waits upon the King.

## XVII.

## POT AND KETTLE.

## I.



GHAST the Iron Duke we hear  
Has had a fearful squeak,  
A thousand cheers, and one more cheer,  
'Twas not her dread death-shriek.  
Sinbads of England, can it be  
Your reckless rule is—wreck ?

Fling off the Old Man of the Sea,  
That clings about your neck,  
The admirable Admiralty  
That holds your mates in check !  
And tread like gallants bold and free  
Once more your Quarter deck.

## II.

If iron coops are given to crack  
Their own or others' mail,  
Your brave old wooden walls take back,  
And learn to reef and sail ;  
A tarbucket will help poor Jack,  
When Pot and Kettle fail.

## III.

Now—the fierce strifes that do so nettle some,  
Since men and ships have grown quite metalsome,  
Are plays on metal and on mettle ;  
Cases, in fact, of Pot and Kettle.

## IV.

When Gascoign Knights were metal-pent,  
A herd of helpless asses,  
His bow your English archer bent,  
And forth his cloth-yard arrow sent ;  
From light-braced arm it lightly went,

Clean through the Dolls of Tournament,  
And broke the unwieldy masses.  
Sing, hearts of oak—your old faith feel  
In walls of wood—not iron—  
The man, that's muddled up in steel,  
A thousand deaths environ.

XVIII.

CHARADE FOR CHRISTMAS.

I.



FOSTER my FIRST if you find it ;  
'Tis a treasure more precious than  
gold :  
Fair maid, round thine heart of hearts  
bind it,  
Strong man, to thy brave bosom hold.

II.

And when through my SECOND ye wander,  
Where the night-winds their even-song wake,  
The more on my First that ye ponder,  
The brighter your morning will break.

III.

My WHOLE is a home of the wealthy,  
A haunt both of stillness and strife,  
A cup of the harmful and healthy,  
A scene and an emblem of life.

XIX.

Epigrammata hæc duo sequentia (imprimis illud prius), e libello quòdam Thomsoniano assumpta, lectoribus meis festivis, mox tempestive commessaturis, nec in verba magistri ullius Aquarum jurare addictis, præscius præmonensque commendo.

DE BACULO PAMPINEO.



ALMITE, Bacche, tuo nitar, nec,  
Liber, iniquum est  
Ut firmes gressus, qui facis ut titubem.

XX.

IN QUENDAM QUI EPIGRAMMA  
PRÆCEDENS SUO NOMINE  
PUBLICI JURIS FECIT.



UID merui ignotum nomen tenuisque  
poeta,  
Ut tua me maneat sors, venerande  
Maro ?  
Anne licet tecum suaves hoc edere questus,  
“ Sic vos, non vobis, nidificatis aves ? ”

## XIX.

I found these two Epigrams in a little old book, and recommend them (the former especially), to those of my good friends who contemplate a course of merry-making throughout the festive season ensuing—and have not taken the pledge.

### ON A VINE STAFF.

Turned by my friend Moses Bendish, Esq. of  
St. Lawrence Jewry.



WID a vine stick I walk when I go out to  
dine,  
On a vine stick I lean when I totter  
wid wine:  
My bane and mine antidote both are di-vine.

## XX.

### ON A FELLOW WHO STOLE THE ABOVE AND HANDED IT ABOUT AS HIS OWN.



I AM proud, a poor Poet unnamed and  
unknown,  
To find, mighty Maro, thy fortune mine  
own.  
Can it be for poor me thy sweet plainings to share,  
“Birds, but not for yourselves, build ye nests in the  
air?”



Sit satis hoc laudis tibi, musa ; ignosce nocenti ;  
Tu quoque ut ignoscas altera causa monet :  
Non fures punire decet, non temnere, si quos  
Urget paupertas invidiosa domi.

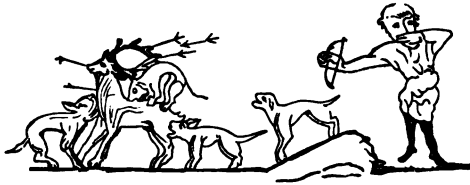
Non grandis est culpa cum quis furatus fuerit.  
Furatur enim ut esurientem impleat animam.  
*Proverbia vel parabola Salomonis, Cap. vi. v. 30.*



This honour enough, Muse, the scoundrel forgive;  
There's a reason beside this to let the rogue live.  
No longings to trounce him, nor scorn must you feel,  
For a scamp that has nothing and *will* spend must  
steal.

Men do not despise a thief, if he steal to satisfy his soul  
when he is hungry.

*Proverbs of Solomon, chap. vi. v. 30.*



## XXI.

DO TO OTHERS AS YOU WOULD  
BE DONE BY.

A capital *Jeu d'esprit*, but not of Mr. D'Israeli's own composing—headed "THE EXAM," printed in "Notes and Queries," 5th Ser. iv. Oct. 30, 1875, p. 144, col. 2, and signed "JOHNSON of St. Benedict's"—recalled to my mind the incident mentioned below—which occurred more than forty years back, and to which at the time of its occurrence I was privy. Both together, Incident and Parody—coupled with facts which from time have come to my knowledge since the earlier period mentioned and which, as being characteristic of an age examination-mad, have their weight with one's judgment—are the suggesters of the following Lines.



OUR priggish professors, each after a  
cram  
On his own special subject, sat down  
to exam,  
And they swore a great oath—but they kept the oath  
still—  
To pluck and to plough, right and left, with a will.  
They thought it great sport, and itself a thing good,  
Ne'er examined themselves, to pluck all that they  
could.  
And whom could they not pluck, save some three  
or four

Whom they dared not, because than themselves they  
knew more ?

Of the rest some gave answers—quite true to the  
fact,

But lacking, because words of padding they lack'd.  
Perhaps some were wrong, but display'd, on the face  
Of the answer, such knowledge and grasp of the  
case,

That an able examiner's half-glance might sight  
Though the view might be wrong, yet the knowledge  
was right.

And means and not ends should examiners see ;  
For doctors themselves as to means disagree ;  
Besides, the main object should be the discerning  
Of weakness from power and of dullness from  
learning.

But little reck they of the toil and the care  
That amass'd the large learning they sink in their  
snare,

Of days spent in books, nights in thoughtfulness  
spent,

Of full hearts, o'erflowing, that hang on the event,  
Of the trembling of youth, when confronted with  
men,

Of the hopes that are dash'd by the stroke of a pen,  
Of the wide range of subjects that youth must  
prepare,

While themselves work their points in the ease of  
their chair,  
With special intent, to their halls when they go,  
To find what men know not—and not what they  
know,  
Not a thought that their “non” cuts more sharp  
than a knife,  
And the whim of an hour is the wound of a life.

As the Augur of Rome could not look in the face  
His fellow without a grim smile or grimace,  
So now to his mates each examiner’s phiz  
Must say—and half blush—“WHAT A FARCE IT  
ALL IS !  
What a truth, a home truth, my good friends, should  
we learn,  
If these fellows on us should their test-table turn.”  
Yes, with all their fresh knowledge of things, men,  
and books,  
They would catch the examiner’s self on their hooks,  
Who would own it more easy hard questions to  
write,  
Than to answer the simplest of queries at sight,  
And confess, when himself had received the home-  
thrust,  
THOUGH ’TIS GOOD TO BE GRAND, IT IS BEST TO  
BE JUST.

The circumstance, alluded to above as occurring long before examinations became what they have since grown to be, was as follows:—

I went to breakfast, as being most convenient to both of us, with a man busy at the time with preparing as examiner for an examination which was to commence the following day. It was, in fact, to him, what the day before an examination is to most examiners—a vigil. I found him, naturally a calm, passive, self-possessed man, in a strange state of excitement. He had lost all his papers—notes, memoranda, draughts, schemes for trains of examination, all were gone. What was he to do? Search again portfolio, pocket-book, drawer, wardrobe, escritoire, above all, pockets and linings inside and out, remembering what the Bank beadles invariably suggest to the old ladies, who suddenly miss stock memorandum or dividend warrant, and are proportionably horrified at the loss. Advice that he might better have given, he took.

“If unsuccessful in the search, go out. Take, by yourself, a good walk, think well over your several subject-matters—with yourself; specially review, in your mind, your old notes, in order to avoid them as much as possible. Remember the poor major, [major after his death, who fell at Burgos in the second assault, then comparatively speaking recent, with the order of the day in his pocket, as well as certain plans of attack, which put, unfortunately, much more within the knowledge of the enemy, than he ought to have known.] Pair—it will assist your presence of mind—every rejected point with some *parallel*, but *diverse* question. Be in this way, and so far as you can, beforehand with yourself; when you come back from your walk, if needs be, verify a date or definition—nothing more. Rise early, fresh as a lark, and like a lark relying on your own powers (I might have said, but not to him, *great* powers); write down your first day’s examination papers. (Such papers were not then printed, but prepared and written out by each examiner for himself.) Then go boldly in, trusting to your readiness of apprehension, and address: in short, to yourself.”

This he might well do, for he was a first-rate scholar,—

very exact in his scholarship—widely read and well (fond of illustrating Aristotle with characters from the popular novels of that day); of a singularly constructive and consecutive mind—one, warranted in trusting to himself, because worthy of the trust and confidence of others.

If he had been Plato in the Gardens of Academus, Aristotle in the Lyceum, Zenon under the Piazza, or Socrates up and down the town, he could not have been at greater ease with his—pupils shall I call them?—nor they with him. And pupils they very really were, for I believe that many men, some even told me so, learned as much during that examination time, as they had done a whole term previous. They said they never thought they knew so much before, and that there was so much still to learn. In fact, being a thoroughly well-grounded, and in all respects thorough-going man, who did nothing by halves, he aimed at finding out fully what men knew, leaving them by the process to infer what they did not know. So much for abrogating—in this instance happily, though involuntarily—the system of cut and dry questioning, and substituting that of real genius and sympathy, in examination between examiners and examined. Question, *vivâ voce*, prompted thought—answer suggested query. Papers contained enquiries that *needed* explanation and satisfactory solution, not mere catches that wanted only to be caught, and which the common-place examiner had probably caught up and crammed himself with the day or so before. I never knew a heartless man, however clever, make a good examiner—good, even according to his own standard; if things are to be tested by results.

All this simple history came back to my mind after many years, in all its little minutiae, on reading the lines in “Notes and Queries”—which, severe as they are, do not seem an atom too severe for the occasion that drew them forth, even if a little exaggerated, as every Macaulay-ballad, to be effective, must be.



A GALLERY OF NOT-ABLES

DRAWN AND QUARTERED IN

VARIOUS VERSE, SENSE

AND NONSENSE.





Laugh and grow fat  
Said a mouse to a cat,  
Grin and grow lean  
Said a cat to a queen.

For pussy, poor thing,  
May look at a king,  
There's no mighty mischief in that.  
*Old Nursery Rhymes of England.*



## A GALLERY OF NOT-ABLES.

### I.

#### A WELSH TRIAD.

##### I.



HERE is a Green Bear at Llandaff,  
Cracks nuts with a rough-ragged staff,  
If a churchman he sniff,  
Within miles of Cardiff,  
He goes mad for a day and a half.

##### II.

There stands The Great Bel at Llandaff,  
A High-Doll of Gammon and Chaff,  
On the Cock of the steeple  
He stands for the people  
To fall down and worship his calf.

## III.

There struts a big Bull in Llandaff,  
A Beadle with Mitre and Staff,  
When the boys see him handle  
His Bell, Book, and Candle,  
They cry, Hurra ! Bumble ! and laugh.

## II.

'Tis a truth that cannot be denied, a  
High Doing is best on a High Day,  
So let all the gillies,  
And pretty Scotch fillies,  
Have their game of High jinks on Good Friday.

## III.

There sate a good scribe up in Lincoln,  
No mere man of Parchment and Ink-horn,  
A fair race he ran,  
But his fear of one man  
Was a thing quite alarming to think-on.

## IV.

There lived an old lady in Chester,  
A mitre she had for bed-tester,  
She was born with the Mumps,  
And had died of the Dumps,  
But "the Miller of Dee" came and bless'd her.

V.

There is a Sweet Willy at York,  
Whose pen is his knife and his fork,  
    He'll fill you five sheets  
    While his dinner he eats,  
And fib—like a Jew eating pork.

VI.

There is an old fellow in London,  
Who shrieks, “ What, alas! has my Son done,  
    He has broke Privy-Law !”  
    Now Mister Jack Straw,  
Its biddings have you every one done ?

VII.

There is a great Lama in London,  
Who screams, we are done brown and done dun,  
    For the boys they all sing  
    Long live OUR GREAT KING,  
And their ‘ God save the Queen ’ leave half undone.

VIII.

There is a schoolmaster at Fulham,  
Where the bells ring whenever men pull 'em,  
    And the little lads spell  
    On the whole very well,  
With so learned a master to school 'em.

## IX.

There is a rough rider at Durham,  
Buys black and Grey ponies to spur 'em,  
    " I bullies their pranks  
    By ox-goadng their flanks,  
And laughs when to madness I stir 'em."

## X.

There is a Dutch skipper at Dunelm,  
Who steers all his barkeys with one helm,  
    The Pepper, the Mustard,  
    And saucy tug Bustard,  
He steers, and keeps shouting "well done! Helm!"

## XI.

There lives an old sinner near Galilee,  
Who looks on the world very sallowly,  
    He says " all this caring  
    For people's past bearing,  
Let them die and be hanged very gallowly."

## XII.

There scuds a wild duck o'er the Solent,  
Her prow, penns and paddle wheels volant,  
    With a cuff and two kicks  
    She'll make twenty dab-chicks  
All but mizzle to " Jones"—volent, nolent.

XIII.

There dwelt an old Abbot in Norwich,  
Who loved Norfolk dumplings and porritch,  
His meaning was good  
But his face was of wood,  
Men thought him no great wizard nor witch.

XIV.

There rose a successor to Soxon,  
Whose talk was in course but of Oxon,  
If Deans sought to diddle him  
They soon could unriddle him,  
When they heard from their Pastor Jay Foxon.

XV.

There reign'd one Sir Toby at Wuster,  
Whose Dean was a deuce of a Duster,  
He dusted three quires out,  
And snuffing ten squires out,  
Let a barrell go off with a buster.

XVI.

"FLOREAT SEMPER IN ARTE MUSICA FIDELIS  
CIVITAS."

Then rose, indignant at her wrong,  
The EVER FAITHFUL CITY <sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> If "*semper-in-arte-musica-Fidelis*" is to be taken as one ex-

pression, it would rather mean *true-in-tone* than *faithful* or *trusty* in the more usual acceptation of the word *fidelis*, in which former sense it would seem constantly employed throughout that curious old ballad—"The Fête of Fools-cap ; or, The Three Quires — Quidded." Published by Mr. Dean and Co., Philpot Lane in York, and John Catnach, in the Seven Dials at London.

And, using language loud and strong,  
To the Chapter read a lesson long,  
And vow'd to York or to Hong-Kong  
Her Dean to pitchfork with a prong,  
Ere she would face that sneering throng,  
Reft of her musical pen-chant,  
The butt of Gloucester's ribald song,  
And Hereford's proud pity !

Not she !—she'd hire a little tun  
To send the Dean a-packing,  
The littlest tun would do for one  
In breadth of soul so lacking.

But he, an organ, lacking tone,  
And, if a swell, a cramp't 'un,  
For all he was so slack in tone  
Was faster than the crack in tone,  
And dodged them of Hop-Sacking-ton  
Who whining in Cat-nach-ing tone  
Burst out in wild and whacking tone,  
To find their little Packing-ton  
Was gone astray to Hampton.

And all their bother, all their fuss,  
Was MUS, a MOUSE, RIDICULUS :

That is, this Hagleying, Witleying, Russelling,  
Turn'd out a bumptious piece of bustling,  
And ended in the Mayor's refusing  
To go to church ; which *is* amusing.  
But all is doubtless for the best :  
For since the reign of Noll the Blest,  
Of rough church-horseplay and unrest,  
When steeds were stall'd and horse-hoofs drest  
On cushions by sleek canons prest,  
What man of *nous* the chance had guess'd  
Of finding, by severest quest,  
At Corporational behest  
In God's GREAT HOUSE a Grand-Mare's nest ?

## XVII.

There lived an enquirer at Chichester,  
Who made all his saints in their niches stir,  
By seventy-five questions  
He probed their digestions,  
And gave the South Saxon-men—sich a stir !

## XVIII.

There loaf'd a lame Jester in Bristowe,  
Who when a Cook trod upon his toe;



Would up with his crutch,  
 But his mettle was such  
 That the man knock'd him down with his fist-o.

## XIX.

There lived a King Pharaoh at Wells,  
 The swellest of Fresh-water swells :  
 " Make bricks without straw "   
 Was the sum of his law,  
 Fill a Bath, that is, out of dry Wells.

## XX.

There sit on a Bench some small doctors,  
 A chattering like so many proctors :  
 Their patient to death  
 They so talk, that one saith  
 They be Church Dissolution concoctors.

## XXI.

<sup>1</sup> Rag-stone call'd  
 Rock — various  
 reading.

There once was a Rag call'd the Rock,<sup>1</sup>  
 Its trade was at good men to mock,  
 It made ugly faces,  
 And grins and grimaces,  
 And of creeping things kept a live-stock.

## XXII.

There was a Rope's end call'd the Re-cord,  
By slow church Trains used as a check-cord,  
But since with its knots  
All good men it garottes,  
The Noose-mongers call it Nick's Neck-cord.

## XXIII.

There was a smug grinny-faced banker,  
Who after subscriptions did hanker,  
But when his pet yankees,  
The Moodys and Sankeys,  
Left debts—he look'd blanker and blanker.

## XXIV.

There is a fine chaplain at Ely,  
Whose mouth like his 'tatos is mealy,  
If he spy but a wee  
Speck of dust in his tea  
He filters it out most genteelly.

## XXV.

There is an old fooler call'd Punch with  
A lob on his back like a bunch, with  
A hate in his heart  
For a man's better part—  
He's not a nice fellow to lunch with.

## MEM.

Mem: mostly you'll find,  
 As with this stale Tom Noddy,  
 The crooked in body  
 Are crooked in mind.

## XXVI.

There sat a bald Barebones in Ripon,  
 Who never a garment would slip on,  
 All vestments he hated,  
 As Devil-created,  
 So—benighted, belated,  
 He never debated  
 What a figure he cut with no strip on.

## XXVII.

There was a brass canon in Bristol,  
 Who surcharged with bile sat in his stall,  
 And banged at his betters,  
 And bored them with letters,  
 With the bore of a Two-Penny Pistol.

## XXVIII.

There dwell'd in the street of St. Oolay<sup>1</sup>  
 A tailor, men call'd him Tom Tooley,  
 He sat weeks by weeks  
 Punching holes in men's breeks:  
 I wonder folks took it so coolly.

<sup>1</sup> S'tus Olaus,  
 St. Olave,  
 St. Olaue,  
 St. Oolay,  
 "Tooley.

XXIX.

There lives—a she-Tory it may be,  
Who every three months has a baby :  
    This little drab Doll,  
    Duly sus. per M<sup>c</sup>Coll,  
Droops its head to look arch, like a Gaby.

XXX.

There is a Proud Puff of the Quarterly  
Who carries his head very haughtily,  
    With crams by the dozen  
    He seeks men to cozen,  
A Murrain! on things done so naughtily.

XXXI.<sup>1</sup>

There is a thing Torily written,  
That men of all parties must spit on,  
    “ We must stop such and such,  
    Nor of Truth have too much.”  
A very fine speech for a Briton !

<sup>1</sup> “ It is his province to prevent, as far as he may, books of this class from being written ! ” —  
*Quarterly Review.*

XXXII.

There of late was a drab-coated lubber  
Who grubb'd for lies like a bone grubber,  
    Till cuff'd and Mac-collar'd,  
    He howl'd and he holla'd,  
For his weals and his wails made him blubber.

## XXXIII.

There was an arch gamin call'd Thommy  
 More famous for sauce than bonhommie ;  
     If you ask him a question,  
     His evil digestion  
 Withholds a polite answer from ye.

XXXIV.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *A contrast.*  
 On Lebanon at first  
     his foot he set,  
 And shook his  
     wings with rory  
     May-dews wet.  
*Tasso, Fairfax, l. 14.*

There lit an arch angel on Thanet,  
 When war was in heaven he began it,  
     By aid of his peers,  
     In the long course of years,  
 He got a Jew pedlar to fan it.

## XXXV.

He that sets men by the ears  
 Hath his own shorn off with shears ;  
 He that takes the assassin's sword  
 Hath the steel for his reward ;  
 He with dirty men that leagues  
 Dirts himself with their intrigues ;  
 Though he walk in train and mitre,  
 Than his sleeves though none be whiter,  
 Though his drums are ever dinning  
 Of his purple and fine linen,

Though he live with liv'ried lackeys  
Ever at his beck and call,  
Than the blackest of his blackeys  
Blacker he—the black of all.

Dives thought no thought of others,  
Nought of Lazarus at his gate,  
But he pleaded for his brothers,  
Pleaded for himself—too late.  
O'er that gulf methinks another's  
Sin I see and read his fate,  
Who in spite all mercy smothers  
Rules for self, and rules in hate.

Well, I do confess it bothers,  
Not a little, my poor pate,  
When I'm bid, in these and others,  
Like this party and his mate,  
See the fathers and the mothers,  
Of the house call'd Church and State.

XXXVI.

There was an old bird in the West,  
Who hated to see his chicks drest,  
When they crow'd he said "Budge,"  
Then the chicks answer'd "Fudge,  
You'd pluck us to feather your nest."

## XXXVII.

I look'd for a broad Minster Church,  
Where an Ape was a-cock of the perch,  
The perch in a dish  
Look'd a very odd fish,  
So the sight well rewarded the search.

## XXXVIII.

There was a smart corps call'd the Dashers,  
Men nicknamed them Cutters and Slashers :  
And 'twas true you'd confess,  
If you'd seen them at mess,  
A-sabreing their cutlets and rashers.

## XXXIX.

There is a stock drover far north,  
Who drives with stiff bearing-rein forth  
To hound his poor tykes  
Over ditches and Dykes,  
Till the fume of their nostrils is froth.

## XL.

There is a prim Pig in Spring Gardens,  
Who'd runch up the Tower for three fardens ;  
Take a pig by the ear,  
And he'll floor you, that's clear,  
And never stay begging of pardons.

XL I.

There lives a Jew salesman in Hughendon,  
Whose missus's bum-boats meet you end on,  
Send you down in a crack,  
On the deck, on your back,  
Yawl, schooner, or smack,  
And for wreckage and wrack,  
(It does look very black)  
Get gifts and no sack ;  
And doing you brown bully you when done.

Mark his shows and his shams,  
And his top-booted crams,  
With which on the Farmers he works ;  
And he cares nothing more,  
For field, fold, or barn floor,  
For the Farmers of Bucks and of Berks,  
Nothing more  
Than Jack for Herzegovines or Turks.

XL II.

There was a young Cock in Cloud-Cleaveland,  
A Dreamer of one Make-Believe-Land ;  
This Cock in his vox  
Had the crow of ten cocks,  
As he crow'd over Lawn-Pudding-Sleeve-Land.



## XLIII.

There once lived a Shoddy in Buffalo,  
As a churchman you'd reckon the duffer low ;  
    He was spiteful and vain,  
    And had Cocks on the brain,  
When he crow'd men soon cried, "Hold ! enough,  
    fellow."

## XLIV.

There was a smart chap in Penzance,  
Who taught little ponies to prance,  
    And, his chums to amuse,  
    Held Essays and Reviews,  
And his house was the Temple of Chance.

## XLV.

There dwells a bird-catcher in Bucks,  
Whom sham-Tories take for their Dux,  
    If he sells them and makes  
    Of their chance ducks and drakes,  
He must needs be their dearest of Ducks.

## XLVI.

## FOIE-GRAS.

There is a fierce friar in Hastings,  
Over fond of fire, baitings and bastings,

A poor boy he bags,  
Cuts his father to rags,  
And shews the old Lady still has stings.

XLVII.

There lived a Purveyour in Hitchendom,  
His chum was the Chief Cook in Kitchendom,  
When the slavies he hired,  
And his turnspits, got tired,  
He was found lying flat in Houndsditch and dumb.

XLVIII.

There's a Prophet his pulpit a-drumming,  
A Bee in his humbox<sup>1</sup> a-humming,  
The hums never stop,  
But no honey-bags drop,  
Till the prophet goes pop,  
And the poor people hop,  
They 've no stomach for slop,  
For they know that the humming and bumming  
Means a Hum, and no Profit is Coming.

<sup>1</sup> Pattering in a  
Hum-box.—LYT-  
TON BULWER.

XLIX.

There platform'd in Peter's old borough,  
A spouter, an Irishman thorough,  
Though Prince of the Magi,  
His speeches smack'd stagy,  
Not stars of the East, but the Curragh.

## L.

There is a big screw called Serapis,  
So wondrous her bilge and her shape is,  
    She holds as she sails  
    The Prince of all Whales,  
For her hold is as deep as the Cape is.

## LI.

There was a war-Bishop in Lewés,  
Charged his clergy o'er railings and pewés,  
    But if his charge burst,  
    And himself suffer first,  
All people would say—it his due is.

## LII.

There stands a stout angel in Islington,  
Whose wings flop about with a drizzling tone,  
    His home is a tank,  
    Dark, dreary, and dank,  
Men want it re-christen'd his Mizzlington.

## LIII.

Four-and-twenty black birds all of a row,  
Down they sit, then up they flit and jump Jim Crow,  
But, if the one-eyed-sportsman should make those  
    birds his mark,  
Down they sit and sham a fit, and sing "It's all a  
    lark."

## LIV.

There lived a Beak, one Athenæum,  
Whose business with books was to D——'em,

“If<sup>1</sup> Opus multorum,

Vel harum et horum,

We'll skin 'em and score 'em,

Or slily ignore 'em,

But, if by 'the Quorum,'

Sunt primi dandorum,

Then, Pat, will pore o'er 'em,

And fall down before 'em,

And kneel and adore 'em,

For they be first-rate uns, they be 'em.”

<sup>1</sup> τὰ ἔργα τῶν  
πολλῶν.

## LV.

The Characteristics of Ashley  
And Tupper read, “Do nothing rashly,”

Keep as cool as you can,

Peer from Bethel to Dan,

Drill your spies, draw your plan,

Pack your court, pot your man,

Curry favour, cook falsehood, and hash lie.

And when you have got,

To the tail of your plot,

You'll find a fine savour of death in the Pot.

## LVI.

There was a grave council of sages,  
 Whose worship and strength all the rage is,  
     So learn'd and polite,  
     So just and upright,  
 That its fame will go waxing for ages.

## LVII.

## THE SHEPHERD OF SALISBURY PLAIN.

There was a good shepherd of Sarum,  
 Whose wits were a wee harum-scarum,  
     But he shouted, when told  
     There were wolves at the Fold,  
 "My poor sheep! the rascals shan't tear 'em!"

## LVIII.

<sup>1</sup> He did "convey"  
 a case of Rippon  
 spurs, And died all  
 unaneled. *Old Play.*

There spurr'd a wild Irish to Ripon,<sup>1</sup>  
 Whose praise was his own proper lip on.  
     Though but one tune he knew,  
     Like "A GOOD MAN AND TRUE,"  
     Through and through, through and through,  
     His own trumpet he blew,  
     Till it got him his due,  
     Place, pension, and pew,

And he managed the Dean's sit to slip on.  
 'Twas thus understood  
 That "THE GREAT MAN AND GOOD"  
 Got perch'd on the Minster at Ripon.  
 Hoo-roo!—(*a wild Irish cry*)—  
 Perch'd himself on the Minster of Ripon.

## LIX.

There were two pretty men on the "Times"  
 Whose work was to tune the Court chimes;  
 Had they souls, each had plighted  
 His soul to be knighted;<sup>1</sup>  
 And honest men call'd them the Slimes.

## LX.

There is a blind Close in Carlisle;  
 Take care how you sit on the stile  
 That leads to the plat,  
 For the mole and the bat  
 Of Geneva its precincts defile.

## LXI.

'Tis told that old Bardolph of Bristol,  
 Full arm'd with a two-barrell'd Pistol,  
 Like a very crack shot,  
 Which of course he was not,  
 Let fly at two coveys and miss'd all.

<sup>1</sup> "That knightly title which Aldermen—only Aldermen—sigh for!" Mr. Reed to the "Times." A bitter pill for the "Times" Pair to swallow. Mutato nomine—("Aldermen" for "elderlymen,") and de vobis fabula narratur.

## LXII.

YE LEGENDE OF BARDOLFO OF BRISTOWE,  
INCLUDING THAT OF A NYM AND PISTOL.

Three such anticks do not amount to a man. For BARDOLPH, he is white-livered and red-faced. For PISTOL, he hath a killing tongue and a quiet sword. For NYM, he hath heard that men of few words are the best men, and therefore he scorns to say his prayers lest 'a should be thought a coward. They will steal anything and call it—PURCHASE!—*Henry V.*

Old Bardolfe, 'tis said,  
Made an hymn in his head,  
And then fired it off for a whim,  
By which 'twould seem rather  
He was a Nym's Father,  
And Pistol the father to him.

<sup>1</sup> As "arrows are sons of the bow," and even in Pindar, "Hymns Princes of the Lyre."

<sup>2</sup> Various reading, "fool."

For in true Arab speech <sup>1</sup> men must see, every one,  
In the Tool<sup>2</sup> of a Canon, the Son of a Gun,  
And a gun, our Triangular Pimate must own,  
Is no more and no less than a Pistol full-blown.

But I believe Bardolph's Hymn, as he called it, was really nothing else than a lax version, or very free imitation, of one of Proclus's five hymns to Euclid—the old heathen! It runs as follows:

O thou, who doublest all my joy  
By halving all my bliss,

Accept the whole of my annoy,  
 And square me out of this.  
 Whene'er into the world I look,  
 Or with myself go thinking,  
 Abroad, I see no man but Cook,  
 Within, no soul but Jenkin.  
 Life is a course<sup>1</sup>—where fillies race;  
 But when the race is o'er,  
 I still behold the Judge's face,  
 And see one Philli-more.<sup>2</sup>  
 O thou who mak'st the greater less,  
 In pity halve my trouble,  
 Or, if inversely thou wilt bless,  
 Halve me, and make me double.

<sup>1</sup> Various reading,  
 "curse."

<sup>2</sup> Now scratched by  
 contrivance of the  
 Jockeys and conniv-  
 ance of the Stewards  
 of the Course.

EUCLID'S ANSWER TO BARDOLF'S PRAYER.

I.

Servant and son, lend me thine ears,  
 Though they be somewhat long,  
 And I will halve them with my shears,  
 And make them doubly strong.

II.

And I will double up thy foes  
 According to thy words,



And bring thy sorrows to a close  
By halving thee in thirds.

## III.

And then, as any two of these  
Must than the third be less,  
They'll double and by swift degrees  
Descend to nothingness.

## LXIII.

There was a "Budge" Doctor of Glos'ter  
(His lass led church-fiddles like Costa),  
Who full of O SAP  
Gave our Version a rap,  
And revised the Creed and Pater-noster.

## LXIV.

There was a quaint party in Brighton,  
Who wore a tall hat, and a tight 'un,  
It so pinch'd his marrow,  
It made his wits narrow,  
Though his face was a wide and a white 'un.

## LXV.

There bray'd a young Neddy from Dover,  
 Who was cocker'd on cockle and clover,  
     Now clover is grass  
     And the food of an ass,  
 So he soon became Donkey all over.

## LXVI.

There smiled a grand party on Notts,  
 Class'd for sale, Lot A 1, of all lots,  
     But to say what he was,  
     Is beyond me, because  
 'Tis a case full of "was and was nots."

## LXVII.

There limp'd a lame Lady in Ripon,  
 Thought gravestones were ribb'd-stones<sup>1</sup> to trip  
     on,  
     If mark'd R. I. P.  
     They were shivers to she,  
 Let them flatter and lie, but no—RIP—on.

<sup>1</sup> Various reading,  
 Rib-stons, Rip-  
 stones, or Rip-  
 stons. One MS.  
 Pip-stones, another  
 Rhyl-stones, or  
 Rylestones, in-  
 sanely.

## LXVIII.

When our Lady Defender of Faith,  
 The Confession of Westminster saith,

When the English Church Head,  
In a far Scottish land,  
Takes the token of lead  
In her lily-white hand.  
(And a token of lead is a token of weight  
In the case of the union of Church and of State)  
How grand the Communion of saints, and how great!  
And how large is the liberty left to the Crown,  
Its creed too—how wide in its scope!  
Utopia or Utah, John Knox or John Brown,  
So long as it is not the Pope!

## LXIX.

There lived a rhetorical crazer,  
A jaunty and pert popinjay, sir,  
Who'd talk you a year and a day, sir,  
But when he said Yea,  
If you answer'd Nay,  
With a bang and a bray  
He'd go off like a Bomb in a blazer,  
And so put an end to the Fray-sir,  
Which else might have reach'd  
As far as he speech'd,  
And that is for ever and aye, sir.

LXX.

There was a pretentious Inspector,  
A cross 'twixt Thersites and Hector ;  
    He'll go a long walk  
    Just to hear himself talk,  
And talk—without fear of objector.

LXXI.

There once went a Lord without dinner,  
His skin had grown thinner and thinner,  
    No hand was so kind  
    As to temper the wind  
To this sorry shorn lamb—the poor sinner.

LXXII.

There was an Inspector of Schools,  
Who reckon'd all other men fools,  
    But to me, do you know, sir,  
    He seems an imp-poser  
(I don't say impostor) of rules.

LXXIII.<sup>1</sup>

Deep tolls the death-bell of Cicest. ;  
A workman is gone to his rest,  
    No lackey prelated,  
    But by the Queen hated,  
May his soul be with God and the Blest !

<sup>1</sup> N.B.—Number LXXIII. does not belong to the Gallery of Not-ables.

COMMUNICATED.

## LXXIV.

<sup>1</sup> Various reading,  
"No Deacon."

Μὴ δῖλογοι must Deacons be,  
Nor Bishop<sup>1</sup> an impostor,  
Yet on the Bench one Bishop see,  
Δίγλωσσον—Double-Gloster.

## LXXV.

BISMARCK IN LONDON.

There sits on a hard Board at Whitehall,  
A clique with commission to bite all,  
And for cash not its own  
To gnaw down to the bone  
Every parcel and part that seems vital.

And men that have held  
Manor-houses for years,  
Are ignored and expell'd  
With a flea in their ears.

For the Board will have Flesh  
Like old Shylock the Jew,  
And its craving refresh  
With a dinner on you ;

While in your own gravy  
 You simmer and stew,  
 Till fresh grows each Knave  
 His raid to renew.

LXXVI.

In a Star chamber, somewhere in Star Court,  
 Lurks an anti-historical Harcourt,  
 As a Whig, for sixpence,  
 He would whisk his wig hence,  
 And whisker'd and wigg'd grace the Czar-Court.  
 And the Czar if he wanted to bully  
 Could not be accounted more fully,  
 But let Lawyers, great things who aspire at,  
 Remember—"Ver-non semper viret."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> That is :—  
 "Vernon is verdant  
 green for ever!" Or,  
 taking the *cant* of  
 the motto, "Ver-  
 non is always green,  
 Which the spring is  
 not."

See in note vari-  
 ous readings and re-  
 marks.

<sup>1</sup> For the sake of my young readers, now home for Christmas,  
 I will take a note, as well as a margin, to show them how a  
 plain text may be mystified. Let this "canting motto" of  
 the Vernons serve for an example.

I. As it stands—

VERNON SEMPER VIRET—*Vernon is always green.*

II. First word—a dissyllable—"Vernon," *dissolute*, as—

VER NON SEMPER VIRET—*Spring is not always a-blowing;*  
 or, as sea-siders would say, —*The springs are not always a-*  
*flowing*—that is, for both land and water—*Spring-tide*, i. e.  
*season or sea water, is not always at its best (and highest), not*  
*always springing.*

III. Then with conversion of first vowel (*e*) into (*i*) or vice  
 versa, as the old-fashioned *Virgilius* now into *Vergilius*, e. g.—

VIR NON SEMPER VIRET—*A man is not an evergreen.*

IV. The same (III) with the insertion of a penultimate consonant, in last word, dissolved—

VIR NON SEMPER VIR EST—*A man is not always manly.*

V. With first vowel restored, last vowel and consonant changed, as—

VERNON SEMPER VIRUS—*Vernon always ver-juice or virulent.*

VI. With change of two last vowels, and last consonant duplicated—

VERNON SEMPER VERNON—*Once a Vernon always a Vernon.*

VII. With change of first vowel, last word as before (VI)—

VIR NON SEMPER VERNON—*A man is not always a Vernon,*  
i. e. *Not every man is a Vernon.*

VIII. This (VII) reversed—

VERNON SEMPER VIR NON—*A Vernon is always a non,*  
*or no-man, a nobody.*

IX. Then you come to another very frequent class of the variations, called "various readings," with changes of vowel and consonant, here in second syllable; the general tone and rhythm retained—

VERUM SEMPER VIRET—*Truth always flourishes, i. e. is strong.*

X. A sibilant taken for a liquid, not so frequent—

VERUS SEMPER VIRET—*A true man is always vigorous.*

XI. The same with (IV) termination, a good reading for sound and meaning, but not a likely one on account of the two sibilants introduced—

VERUS SEMPER VIR EST—*A true man is always a man,*  
*that is, a man till death.*

XII. Change in first vowel (from IX) with that of last consonant—

VIRUM SEMPER VIRET—*Manliness is man.*

XIII. Original, with change of final consonant—

VER NON SEMPER VIRET—*Spring is not always strength, i. e.*  
*does not agree with all.*

XIV. Original with final vowel and consonant borrowed from (V).

VER NON SEMPER VIRUS—*Spring is not poison to all, i. e.*  
*in every case, nor at all times of the year, as an Irish Professor*  
*adds.*

XV. Readings reserved for the new vice-comical motto—

VERNON SEMPER VIRES—*Vernon Green for ever.*

VERNON SEMPER VIR ES—*Vernon, thou art always a man!*

VERNON SEMPER VIR EST—*Vernon is a man all over.*

XVI. Counter-motto suggested by the Devil's Advocate in bar of the creation of Title (vice-com.) or assignment of motto—

VIR NON SEMPER VIR ES—*Man, thou art not always a man,* much the same as *Nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit*—in fact, by meiosis, at full it signifies "Man, never a man art thou."

These I have drawn out, and many more plausible readings might be added, that my young friends may see what is meant by "various readings," and how they are manufactured and made to multiply themselves. And the above specimens of graduation in readings is no unfair type of those which used some years ago to load the intermediate space and foot-notes of the best English and German Editions of the Classics. But these are perhaps now rather things of the past. When, however, the new version of the Bible comes out, and my friends are full-grown men, which by that time, if still living, they are sure to be, this sample of the craft, useful for other purposes, may enable them to test, I hope, satisfactorily what manipulation certain less favourite texts may be subjected to at the hands of prejudiced and unscrupulous cognoscenti, under the guise of textual correction, or the gloss and colour of some disaffected or adulterate manuscript.





## EX NIHIL0 NIHIL.

You say that you miss "Brothers Claughton ;"  
 Well—'tis not that they were thought nought on,  
     But bish'plets so small  
     Don't hang on my wall,  
 Because they were never once thought on,  
     In fact  
     Were never once thought on at all.

## ISRAEL IN EGYPT.

How tried the wise saw and how true is,  
 A-once-a-Jew always a Jew is,  
     When 'twas time for a dash,  
     He comes out with our cash,  
     And goes in with a splash,  
     For his share in the Hash,  
 And his slice of the Cut-let of SUES.

